

No, You First

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No, You First

by [bodysnatcherrrr](#)

Summary

Shane's sleep deprivation came from one simple text.

'u up?'

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Up on the twenty-first floor of an overpriced hotel, Shane lay in bed, propped up on the headboard, glasses perched on his nose as he read over his schedule for the coming week. Interview here, sponsorship there, no down time to be seen. Success demanded sacrifices after all.

Snow drifted by the window, silently falling and piling in the streets below — Shane paid it no mind. Its ivory beauty had lost its luster long ago. He was too grown for sledding, and old enough to know he hated driving in the wintery mix. (Black ice had totaled his first car and broken his collar bone.)

He shifted under the blankets, idly rubbing a thumb over his bottom lip as he worked further down the schedule.

From the nightstand his phone chirped. With reflexes quicker than on ice, Shane snatched the phone off the wooden surface, and grinned from ear to ear.

The text was simple, if not terribly cliché.

‘u up?’

But there was no wiping the smile from Shane's face. Even cities apart Ilya wanted his attention.

‘Yes’ Shane tapped back.

The incoming call was immediate. Shane's screen lit with a video request. Not wanting to look too eager, he let it ring three times, and connected the call on the fourth. Ilya already deemed him boring, he didn't need to confirm it by being in bed at ten o'clock on a Friday.

It had been a grueling few weeks of jam packed days, Shane deserved an early night. Morning to night he had obligations to fill, which left very little time for relaxation, a social life, or to keep up with Ilya.

Shane couldn't help the blush that crept over his cheeks as Ilya's wide smirk popped up on the screen, his eyes bright and glossy.

“Hollander,” he practically purred. He'd gone far too long without seeing those favorite freckles of his. And the vodka flowing through his blood stream blanketed a warm tingle over his body that mimicked how Shane's touch made him feel.

“Rozanov,” Shane countered, laying his itinerary on the night stand, giving Ilya his full attention.

“Have you become a librarian?”

“No, just slightly far sighted.” Shane moved to pluck the glasses from his face; Ilya piped up before he could do so.

“Mmm, no. Keep on,” he slurred, his tongue darting out to wet his lips. Shane missed that tongue, missed how thoroughly it knew his body.

Shane blushed, a shy smile pulling across his mouth. “You, uh, you like them?”

“They are on you, yes?”

“Yes?”

“Then I like.”

It had never occurred to Ilya before that he enjoyed the look of glasses. A small pane of prescription glass was a trivial matter. But on Shane they gave the appearance of sophistication, class, and a large helping of slutty. He wanted to see his cum splattered across the lenses.

Shane side eyed the screen, his lips quirking into a smirk and he asked, “are you...Rozanov, are you hammered?”

“Hammered? Nonono, Russians do not do, tolerance high.” Ilya's hand fluttered around the screen, dismissing such an absurd statement.

“You're drunk,” Shane said, a statement this time, not a question. The bright red flush across Ilya's cheeks was all the evidence he needed.

“Mmmmmm, been drinking, yes. Drunk? No.” Ilya sank deeper into the couch he was sitting on, his golden curls haloing his head in perfect ringlets.

“Vodka?” Shane quizzed.

“Nothing else dare touch my lips,” Ilya proudly stated, paused and corrected himself, “actually, not true.”

The implication wasn't lost on Shane, but he just wanted to hear Ilya say it in plain terms. He shot Ilya a sideways look, eyebrow raised in false bewilderment.

An exaggerated sigh huffed from Ilya's mouth, a small shake of his head sent his curls bouncing, and he clarified with an accent so thick it sent a wave of endorphins through Shane's body. “Your cock, Hollander, I want to suck you off.”

A burning blush flamed across Shane's face. He adjusted his glasses and wondered if they would fog up from the sudden outburst of heat. “Would you have me keep my glasses on?”

Ilya's response was quick, filthy words tumbling from his lips without hesitation. “Yes, want you to see how perfect your dick looks in my mouth.”

“You're gonna make me...” Shane paused, recalling the last time he'd had his cock buried in Ilya's mouth. How skillfully he took him down his throat, tongued at his slit, and flicked the tip.

“Make you what, Hollander?” Ilya smirked, propping his phone up and shedding his shirt. Even in the dead of winter his skin was sun kissed.

Shane licked his lips, watching the muscles in Ilya's chest flex. He pressed a hand to his swelling cock, and replied softly, “you're gonna make me hard.”

Behind Shane's glasses his lashes fluttered, a quiet sigh slipping from his lips. Ilya needed to hear him whimper, hear him fight back moans, and see him come undone.

“Thinking about me,” Ilya trailed a hand up his chest, “on my knees,” his thumb rubbed over a nipple, he hissed in a breath at the sensation, “sucking your dick, makes you hard?”

There was nothing Shane wouldn't have given at that moment to crawl through the screen and latch onto the man so easily turning him on. He slowly nodded, swallowing the saliva that pooled in his mouth, wishing it was Ilya's.

“Rozanov.” Was all Shane could say as his brain flooded with need, with want. He wrapped his fingers around his cock, a deep moan filling the hotel room.

The moans continued, soft at first, but growing louder as Shane's resolve trembled; the shit eating grin on Ilya's face only grew wider. He tugged at his nipple, pinching harshly and ground out, “you touching yourself, Hollander?”

Ilya knew the answer, he knew what Shane's face looked like when his cock was in hand. He dreamt of it often, waking achingly hard and hundreds of miles away from his favorite mouth.

A breathless gasp filled Shane's throat, his thumb swiping over his leaking slit. “Yes.” The admission sent a shiver up his spine and heat to bloom at the tips of his ears.

“Want to see, want to watch,” Ilya slurred, spreading his legs wide — all nine inches of him tenting his sweatpants obscenely.

“Mmm, yeah, okay, yeah,” Shane babbled, fumbling with his phone for a long moment. It was much easier to prop up his phone without his dick in his hand, but he couldn't bring himself to let go. Not with Ilya staring at him like he was.

“Pants off, Hollander.” Ilya's tone was demanding, yet coy. “Is no fun when I cannot see that beautiful cock of yours.”

“God,” Shane groaned, his eyes slipping shut. No matter how many times Ilya complimented him, it always made his stomach flutter.

Subconsciously Shane's gaze flicked to the door of his hotel room, reassuring himself that the latch was in fact in the locked position — it was. Raising his hips from the mattress he shimmied out of his boxers, his hard cock slapping against his stomach.

“Fuck,” Ilya groaned, grabbing himself firmly through his sweats. “So pretty.”

“Shutup.” A bright blush flared over Shane's freckles, but they both knew he loved it. He wrapped his fingers around his dripping cock and gave himself one long, slow stroke.

“Just like that, Hollander.” Came Ilya's soft voice from the phone's speaker, as if too loud and he would spook Shane off.

It took all of Shane's effort not to go rough and quick, tugging himself to completion in seconds. But he wanted Ilya to enjoy this, enjoy watching him. Shoving all his caution aside he spread his legs, giving Ilya a full view.

“Fuck, Hollander.” Ilya ground out Shane's name like the last breath of a dying man. He couldn't keep the word from falling off his tongue.

On Ilya's screen he watched, enraptured, as Shane pressed two fingers into his mouth. His tongue swirling around the tips and sucking them deep — gathering spit along the flesh. Ilya knew what that tongue felt like, how warm it was, how eager it was to please. He craved it against his own.

“Take them off, let me see your dick I take so well,” Shane spoke around his fingers.

Ilya's mouth slackened, his head hitting the back of the couch as a guttural groan ripped from his throat. Hearing such filthy words coming from Shane's mouth left his heart hammering and dick throbbing. It always took Shane a long moment to let his embarrassment fade away and step fully into his sexual desires. Ilya didn't mind the wait, after all Shane blushed so beautifully.

A sizable stain of precum had leaked into the grey fabric of Ilya's sweats, but he paid it no mind. He yanked the elastic under his balls and took himself in hand. His flesh was scorching in his palm and he couldn't stop himself from thumbing at his foreskin. Gathering up his slickness he stroked himself just enough to take the edge off.

But Shane wasn't done surprising Ilya. He squeezed the base of his cock, reaching between his legs, finding his aching hole, and teasing himself with spit slick fingers. Ilya's breath caught in his throat, his blood shot eyes unblinking as he watched Shane lazily circle his entrance, as if asking for permission.

“Da,” Ilya whispered, “finger yourself for me.”

It was usually Ilya who guided them, but now it was Shane's turn. He licked his lips, lids heavy as he watched Ilya's strokes quicken. “And if I give you what you want?”

Without Shane under him, he felt a longing that left his throat tightening. His voice strained as he answered, “I do whatever you want next meet.”

“Mmmm,” Shane hummed, working through all the positions and toys they could try. He pursed his lips, and asked, “even if I want something we've never done?”

“Yes,” Ilya croaked out, his toes curling and chest flushing. He made a mental note to ask Shane later exactly what it was he wanted to try.

“Again,” Shane panted, his abs flexing as his strokes sped up. “Ask again.”

“Hollander, I want to watch.” Ilya whined, eyebrows knitting together in impatience. He tightened his fingers around his cock, a breathless moan swallowed up by him begging, “please.”

The blatant want oozing from Ilya's words was thick — Shane had never heard a sound more alluring. He pushed the tip of his middle finger past the tight ring of muscle, groaning at the sensation.

Ilya shifted closer to the screen, licking his lips. Slowly, Shane pressed in, up until the second knuckle, his breathing shuddering. His eyes slipped shut behind his glasses, his hips circling and he eagerly pushed another finger in alongside the first.

“God,” Ilya rasped. He knew Shane liked to be filled, exquisitely full. He'd witnessed his impatient need too many times to count, but this, watching him greedily slip in finger after finger was a visual Ilya had never had the pleasure of witnessing.

With a raise of his hips Shane worked a third finger inside himself; a long throaty moan tumbling from his lips.

“You have dildo?” Ilya blurted, his hand pumping in time with Shane's thrusting fingers.

The unexpected inquiry sent Shane's eyes shooting open, his fingers stilling inside himself. “I- I don't travel with it,” he stuttered.

Ilya pursed his lips, blinking slowly. “You are sure?”

“I-um,” Shane struggled to find his voice, glancing towards his suitcase.

There had been a time when Ilya couldn't have seen through Shane's lies, but now was not that time. Ilya smirked, raising his hand to his mouth, dribbling a large pool of spit into his palm; clamping his fingers back around his cock with a soft sigh. “Get it. Want to see you fuck yourself, Hollander.”

Without thinking, Shane pulled his fingers from his hole, fumbled off the bed, and rummaged around in the pocket of his suitcase. It wasn't as if he'd planned on using it, he liked to have it just in case his cravings surged too strong. He certainly hadn't considered that Ilya would ask for such a thing. Toys had been a new adventure in the bedroom for them, but he was on horny autopilot.

Back on the bed in record time, with dildo and lube in hand, Shane looked toward the screen; Ilya was still splayed out, cock in hand, gently stroking himself. “Mmm,” Ilya hummed, eyeing the light colored flesh, “Looks good in your hand, will look even better in your ass.”

“Rozanov,” Shane hissed over the cap of the lube snapping open.

But Ilya didn't heed the transparent warning. He found teasing Shane to be terribly rewarding, and far too easy. Ilya stared with hungry eyes as Shane lubed up the silicone cock. “Is bigger than me?”

“N-no. Same size,” Shane whispered, getting himself comfortable and in good view for showing Ilya just how much he’d missed this. He spread his legs wide, hitching one knee up to his chest and allowed the other to fall to the side.

With the first small push against his hole Shane's mouth fell open, his entire body shaking as he breathed through the initial burning stretch. From the speaker in his phone Ilya crooned words of encouragement. The slurry of praise had Shane adjusting his angle and slipping the cock in a few more inches.

“Doing so fucking good, Hollander. Taking it so well.” Ilya couldn't stop the onslaught of words falling out of his mouth. His accent thicker than Shane had ever heard — it spurred him on.

“You-fuck, you feel better.” Shane ground down, slipping another inch inside; moaning as the thickest part of the dildo slid in.

“Mmmm,” Ilya purred, his dick twitched in his hand at Shane's admission. “I know, but just pretend. Pretend is my cock stretching you open.” He gripped the base of his dick, giving his balls a firm squeeze. “That I am kissing you as I fill you up.”

Despite the snow outside, Shane's skin was burning hot. Hair plastering to his forehead as he gnawed at his bottom lip, small whimpers sneaking out.

“No need shy, go on. Show me,” Ilya urged, his biceps twitching with the effort it took to slow down and enjoy the show. When it came to Shane, his self control floundered, but he could be patient, he could cherish this intimate moment for as long as Shane would allow.

Eagerly, Shane twisted his wrist, pumping the cock in and out of his hole. A slurry of choked off words tumbled from his mouth as pleasure enveloped him.

“So good, Hollander. Fucking perfect.”

Even through a screen Shane's euphoria was intoxicating — twisting and turning through Ilya's veins like the finest vodka money could buy. He was drunk on Shane Hollander and never wanted to sober. The muscles of Shane's stomach tensed, his feet twitching against the sheets as he drove the dildo in harder, faster.

Matching Shane's pace, Ilya pumped his cock, thrusting up into his fist with sporadic jerks of his hips. “Just like that,” Ilya grunted, warmth blooming deep in his groin, his balls tightening as he tried to hold on longer.

“Want you here,” Shane panted, his lips parting on a moan. “Want you with me, in me.”

“I know, soon.” Ilya promised. His skin itched for the warmth of Shane's, the soft hair on his thighs, the press of his fingertips into Ilya's back. He missed all of it, but he would never tell Shane such a thing. Drunk or not his feelings were under lock and key.

A blur of pixels flashed across Shane's screen, the hotel's spotty Wi-Fi stealing Ilya away for a moment before clearing back up and Shane could have wept. Ilya's beauty, when focused

on too long, left Shane's heart crawling up his throat. The sharp curve of his jaw, the dip of his collar bones, the way his dark lashes shadowed his lids. It was all so much, too much for Shane to want — to need.

“Rozanov, I'm gonna-” Shane moaned, his shoulders pressing hard into the mattress; his hips rocking down into the plunge of the dildo with wild abandon. But Shane didn't need to voice how close he was, Ilya knew. He could see it in the furrow of his brow, the muscles twitching in his thighs, and the way his words came breathless and soft.

Digging his heels into the floor, Ilya met the pump of his fist with deep thrusts — root to tip. “Cum for me. продолжать, Hollander. Lemme see.” Ilya rambled, his words slurring together, English morphing into groaned Russian.

Shane pressed the cock in, rubbing against that sweet spot and he stilled. Wave after wave of spine arching pleasure washed over him, thick globs of cum splattering across his belly and chest. Under his breath, quiet enough that the microphone couldn't pick up, he whispered Ilya's name. He stroked himself through the full body shudders and pried his eyes open just in time to catch Ilya coming undone.

On the small screen Ilya's hand was a blur, his mouth slack jawed; a guttural moan ripping from his throat as his balls tightened and a chant of Hollander left his lips. Spurt after spurt spilled, coating the back of his hand, up his stomach. Shane would never tire of Ilya unguarded and satisfied.

Their breathing was ragged, chests heaving as they came down; they never looked away from their screens. Ilya was tempted to screenshot this moment. Shane Hollander splayed on an unnamed hotel bed, silicone buried in him, and a mess puddled on his chest. But Ilya's memory would have to suffice. He wouldn't take more than what was offered.

Ilya was the first to break the silence — his voice lazy, relaxed. “Is late for you?”

A content hum sounded from Shane, his lips turned up in post orgasmic bliss. The thought of time hadn't crossed his mind, but as his eyes flicked up to the tiny numbers on the corner of his screen he couldn't help the frown that pulled at him. 23:45. Morning would come quick, and his under eyes would be heavy with the telltale sign of sleep deprivation if he stayed oogling at Ilya any longer.

“Very late, yeah,” Shane sighed, reaching a hand down to pull the silicone from his ass.

Ilya watched a twinge of pain flicker across Shane's face as he pulled the toy free. “You will be showering and then to bed?” Ilya asked, already knowing the answer, but he wasn't ready to end the call. He had been without Shane for weeks.

“Mmmm, yeah. Early morning and all.” Shane watched the pool of cum on Ilya's stomach slip down his side, grimacing at how it must feel.

As if knowing what Shane was thinking, Ilya swiped at his stomach. “I let you go then. Take shower and get sleep.”

“I’ll talk to you soon?” Shane wasn’t good at hiding the anxiety coursing through his words. Texts were sporadic, calls far and few between. He wanted more. They both did.

“Da, of course.” Ilya grinned lazily, his eyes heavy with alcohol and need for sleep.

“Okay.”

“Okay.”

A silence hung in the air, neither willing to end the call. A muted game of, ‘no you hang up first.’ But the cum on Shane’s belly was growing cold and sticky.

“Goodnight, Rozanov,” Shane spoke with reluctance.

“G’night, Hollander.”

On the twenty-first floor Shane showered and slipped back into bed alone.

End Notes

So, this is my first fic in this fandom. Hopefully it suffices.

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